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Faith McQuinn: And now, here's the show.

Narrator: Observer pictures presents Boom, a serial drama podcast. Written and directed by Faith McQuinn. This is episode two, Aftermath.

Genevieve: So at 4:45, I kid you not, Ben walks over to my desk and throws down a stack of papers at least two inches thick. I need you to go through this for my case Monday morning. Who the hell does that? As if it hadn't been sitting on his desk all day.

Porter: Wait, is Ben the Fred Savage looking guy?

Genevieve: No, that's Elliot. Ben is the new guy who thinks I'm his personal secretary. I have to set him straight.

Porter: Did you do the paperwork?

Genevieve: He did the paperwork.

Porter: Uh-

Genevieve: Are you gonna eat the rest of this?

Porter: Oh, go ahead. So do you have plans Friday?

Genevieve: No, you want to do something?

Porter: Well yeah. I was thinking we could go bowling, maybe?

Genevieve: Who's all coming?

Porter: Just you. Uh, and me.

Genevieve: Oh. Alright. Sounds good.

Speaker 6: Got a pulse. [inaudible 00:02:09] Get him to the gurney. 28 year old male in an explosion. Possible collapsed lung. BP and O2 stats unstable.

Genevieve: Porter, Porter, Porter, Porter. I love you, I love you, I love you.

Porter: Gen! Gen!

Charlie: Take it easy, Mr. Owens. You need to lie back down.

Porter: Who are you? Where am I?

Charlie: You're in the hospital. I'm Charlie, your nurse. You were in an accident, Mr. Owens. Porter, I need you to lie back down. We don't want to pull out your I.V.

Porter: What happened?

Charlie: Let me get your doctor. I'll be right back. Go ahead and lie down.

Narrator: Porter lies staring at the ceiling trying to figure out how long he's been here. His vision is a bit blurry. He raises his hand to feel his face. It's swollen and numb. There's something in his arm. An I.V. His left leg is in a full cast. There are bandages tightly wound about his head and torso. He can just make out familiar voices in the hall. He tries to sit up but the pain is too much this time.

Hannah: Porter.

Porter: Mom?

Hannah: Oh dear God, you're alright.

Porter: Mom.

Hannah: Oh God, oh God. I'm sorry. Look at you. I can't believe you're alright.

Speaker 10: He's hardly alright, Hannah.

Porter: Dad?

Speaker 10: It's good to hear your voice, Porter.

Porter: What are you two doing here?

Hannah: We came as soon as we could. You were in a coma. I was so worried.

Porter: How long?

Speaker 10: Three days.

Porter: G-Gen-Genevieve. Is-is she-

Speaker 10: Porter. Let-let's not talk about that right now.

Dr. Dill: Mr. Owens. It is nice to see you fully back with us. I'm Dr. Dill. How are you feeling?

Porter: I-I've been better.

Dr. Dill: I would say so. You have two broken ribs and three cracked. That's why moving around probably doesn't feel so good. You broke your left femur, that was a clean break. But your tibia was a compound fracture. That means the bone broke through the skin. We reset the leg and it should heal nicely. We were mostly concerned about your head injury. You had cerebral edema, brain swelling, from the fall. You were breathing on your own but you were in a coma for roughly 30 hours. You've been in an out of consciousnesses since then. Do you remember anything?

Porter: Fragments.

Dr. Dill: Well that's alright. Memory loss is common. If everything checks out you'll probably get to go home soon. Of course, you'll need someone to stay with you.

Speaker 10: We'll be here. For as long as he needs us.

Dr. Dill: Good. That's good. Physical therapy is going to be a must, Porter. We may have set that leg but you won't be able to use it for a while. You'll be in a wheelchair for a few weeks until your ribs heal properly. Okay?

Porter: How long before I remember everything?

Dr. Dill: Well, some patients never do. Sometimes it can all just come back, or trickle in. It's really hard to say.

Porter: Is there anything I can do to, you know, make myself remember?

Dr. Dill: Um, well, uh, sometimes just a familiar voice or associated memory can trigger other lost memories. But you shouldn't focus on that right now. You do need to get better, alright? I'll come back and check on you soon. Just get some rest.

Porter: I remember crying. That's-that's all I have right now. I remember her crying. I don't want that to be the only thing. Can you guys tell me what happened? Did the police, anybody, tell you anything?

Speaker 10: We-we don't have all the-the details but-

Hannah: We don't need to talk about that right now. You need to rest.

Porter: Mom. Don't. Go ahead, dad.

Speaker 10: We-we-we don't have all the details, but the uh, the explosion through you down the stairs, and that supposedly saved you.

Porter: And Gen? Of course not. I mean-

Speaker 10: I'm so sorry, Porter.

Porter: She uh, she said, "He." I think uh, I think maybe she knew who did it. I should've stayed, I should've-I should've stayed. Maybe I-maybe I could've-

Hannah: Sweetheart, sweetheart. It's gonna be alright. It might not seem like it now, but it will be.

Porter: Oh God.

Det. Hailey: I'm sorry to interrupt. I'm Detective Hailey. Is there a chance we can speak for a few minutes?

Hannah: Now is not a good time.

Det. Hailey: Of course. Of course. But Porter, if there's anything you can share right now-

Speaker 10: Can this wait?

Porter: Mom, dad, it's cool. Can you give us a minute?

Hannah: Are you sure?

Porter: It's fine. I'm fine. Detective, I'm-I'm not exactly the most reliable right now. I-I can't remember much.

Det. Hailey: That's alright. Just whatever you can remember will be helpful. Can you tell me about that morning?

Porter: Well, we were gonna have breakfast and um, and I-I got there. She was ... I don't remember exactly, but the TV was very loud. And she was-she was crying. She was very, very upset. I-I think she told me I shouldn't be there? And she said something about he, he said I shouldn't be there.

Det. Hailey: He who?

Porter: I ... I don't know. I just remember her saying, "He." I-I think, I think she knew who did it.

Det. Hailey: Okay. Anything else, Mr. Owens? What about the night before?

Porter: We-we went bowling and ate dinner. I took her home. She went up to her apartment. I went home.

Det. Hailey: Did you talk to her after that?

Porter: No. Well, maybe? Not-not that I can remember right now. I'm sorry. I-I don't think this is working.

Det. Hailey: Okay. This is a good start. We can speak again when you're feeling better. Thank you, Mr. Owens.

Narrator: On Thursday afternoon, hours after leaving the hospital, Porter sits in a wheelchair in an interrogation room at the Metro Nashville Police Department. The room smells of stale sweat and burnt coffee. It's brightly lit and cold. Detective Hailey stands in front of him. He didn't notice the first time, but now he sees that she's tall and muscular, and probably intimidating if need be. Right now, Porter doesn't find her intimidating as much as he finds her annoying.

Det. Hailey: So, before that morning at the apartment, the last time you'd seen Ms. Reynolds was the night before?

Porter: Oh my God. Yes. I drove her home. How many times do I have to tell you this?

Det. Hailey: You were on a date with Ms. Reynolds?

Porter: We went bowling and then got dinner.

Det. Hailey: So yes?

Porter: Yes. I-I have no idea why that matters, but yes.

Det. Hailey: Did you talk to her after dropping her off at home?

Porter: Again, I remember that I sent a text saying goodnight. But no, I did not technically speak with her.

Det. Hailey: Did you see her go in to her apartment?

Porter: How much longer are we gonna be here? I'm due for my meds.

Det. Hailey: I just need you to answer the questions. And then you can go.

Porter: I have answered your questions. Every one of them. Today, and at the hospital. Why am I still here?

Det. Hailey: Calm down, Mr. Owens. Did you or did you not see Ms. Reynolds go in to her apartment?

Porter: No. I didn't wait until she went into her apartment. Do I wish I had? Yes. Do I wish I'd just parked the car and walked her to her door? Definitely. But I didn't. She got out, I started the car, and I went home.

Det. Hailey: Straight home?

Porter: No. I stopped at a gas station down the road.

Det. Hailey: And that's when you texted Ms. Reynolds?

Porter: Yes.

Det. Hailey: Did you answer the text?

Porter: No.

Det. Hailey: Did you find that odd?

Porter: A little. But it was late. Maybe she was getting ready for bed and didn't see it. God, I don't know.

Det. Hailey: You seem to be remembering far more today than you did at the hospital.

Porter: My doctor said that I might get more memories back. They've been trickling in. Especially when I went back home.

Det. Hailey: You live alone, correct?

Porter: You already know this.

Det. Hailey: So no one can verify if you were home between 1:00 and 8:30 a.m.?

Porter: Again, no.

Det. Hailey: You said that you didn't go up to her apartment. Why not?

Porter: What?

Det. Hailey: Why didn't you go up to Ms. Reynold's apartment? You were on a date. You two were old friends, known each other since-since high school. This wasn't your typical first date. Did something go wrong?

Porter: No.

Det. Hailey: So why wouldn't she invite you up for a nightcap? Or something more?

Porter: Oh, I get it. You think I did it?

Det. Hailey: Did you, Mr. Owens?

Porter: No. I told you, there was a guy. Someone she might know. Plus why would I blow myself up?

Det. Hailey: You didn't.

Porter: Have you seen my wheelchair? I beg to differ.

Det. Hailey: Maybe you messed something up. Maybe the bomb went off early. You said you had to leave to call for help.

Porter: So because I wanted to call for help I'm guilty now? Wow.

Det. Hailey: There wasn't a phone to use?

Porter: No, detective. Gen just had her cell and I told you that I couldn't get a signal. Okay, so I did it. What's my motive, then?

Det. Hailey: You've been interested in Ms. Reynolds for years. Obsessed maybe. She finally gave in and went out with you, but it didn't go as planned so you-

Porter: So I snuck into her apartment, drugged her, and strapped her with explosives. Then I come back later to pretend to help her? Yeah, that seems legit.

Det. Hailey: How did you know she was drugged?

Porter: Because I was there. I saw her.

Det. Hailey: Okay, okay. Find. Let's just move on. What's your degree in, Mr. Owens?

Porter: Engineering.

Det. Hailey: Specifically.

Porter: Mechanical Engineering.

Det. Hailey: What is it you do for a living, Mr. Owens?

Porter: I'm a computer technician.

Det. Hailey: So you build computers?

Porter: Yes.

Det. Hailey: So would it be hard for you to build a bomb?

Porter: Technically, no.

Det. Hailey: Technically?

Porter: I'm not a pyro technician. My exposure to bombs is watching "Speed" too many times.

Det. Hailey: Do you know anyone who could make a bomb?

Porter: So now I have an accomplice?

Det. Hailey: Just covering all the bases.

Porter: You've been questioning me for over an hour. I think your bases are covered.

Det. Hailey: Then help me out. Who do you think did this?

Porter: I don't know. If I knew, I would tell you in a heartbeat. But it's someone she knows. Knew. Someone she knew.

Det. Hailey: Did she say that?

Porter: No. But she said she wouldn't let him hurt me.

Det. Hailey: When did she say this?

Porter: I don't-I don't know. After I called 911, I think.

Det. Hailey: Okay. But you said your phone wasn't working.

Porter: I'm, I mean after I tried to call 911.

Det. Hailey: We've been in here for over an hour, Mr. Owens, and you're just now telling me this?

Porter: I told you about her knowing the guy. But the specifics, it's all a little fuzzy, you know? Supposedly being thrown down a flight of stairs will do that to you.

Det. Hailey: Can you think of anyone who would want to hurt her like that?

Porter: No. No one. All of our friends are pretty low key. I've met nearly every guy she's dated. No one stand out as ... hell, how would I even know? Isn't that your job, detective?

Det. Hailey: Okay.

Porter: Now I've told you everything. And unless you're arresting me, I'd like to go home and take exorbitant amounts of painkillers.

Det. Hailey: Please stay close to home, Mr. Owens. We may need to speak again.

Porter: No problem. I have nowhere else to go.

Narrator: Join us again next week for another episode of Boom. This episode featured the voices of Garrett DeLozier as Porter, Charity Spencer as Genevieve, Wendy Keeling as Detective Hailey, Stephanie Hall Wedan as Mrs. Owens & Nurse Charlie, Peter Aylward as Mr. Owens, and me, Michael Ahr as the Narrator.

Narrator: Production sound, Matthew L. Hankins. Assistant Director, Amanda Lorraine. Sound Design, Joshua Suhy. Original Music, Brian Irwin. Editing, Faith McQuinn. Sound Mixer, Michael Bowers. Production Assistant, Dalila Ferrer. Casting, Courtney Edwards.

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Narrator: Thank you for listening.